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BYE THE BYE.

Bishop Huntington has suspended his theological fulminations long enough to give us his conclusions about Society. An ecclesiastical "kicker" of the prominence of a bishop is worth pausing to contemplate, and it is safe to quote him, for no one will take his criticisms as personal. That is one of the fortunate things about Society. You may say all sorts of mean things about it, but every person in the swim is serenely satisfied that you are hitting someone else. The good bishop has dipped his pen in caustic and written "A Drawing-room Homily" for the Forum. He tells us nothing about Society that had not been told hundreds of times before, but his charge is positively magnificent. In the estimation of the bishop Society is a little less terrible than St. George's dragon, and much more real than Don Quixote's windmill fancies, but the good man attacks the monster with all the valor of the knight and all the zeal of the gaunt country gentleman of La Mancha. How is this for an opening attack?

"Few words have a meaning less fixed than 'party,' and it is not obvious why it should be applied to a scene where people are less apart than elsewhere. Wherein a 'reception' differs from an assembly, or a 'ball' from a 'cotillion party,' or an 'afternoon tea' from a 'tea after sunset,' or a 'pink tea' from a 'tea that is green, who knows? All we need is a tolerable common understanding of what we have in mind, a something too formless for an institution, too irregular for an organization, too vital for a machine, too heartless for a fraternity, too lawless for a school, too decent for a masquerade, with too much lying for a bureau, and too many passions for a pageant. There are the competitions, matches, risks, calculations of a perilous game, the interchanges of an imponderable, immaterial commerce, musical voices from inharmonious breasts, spiteful courtesies, magnificent meanness. There are songs of peace, flying arrows of malice and revenge, bonds and fragments of friendships, charming veils over hidden horrors, laughter rippling over dark depths of silent agony."

After moralizing awhile the good man becomes calmer and we get this rather more moderate view of the social tyrant: "It is not a little too bad, in a time when there is so much fear to be learned, so much work to be done and done better than it is, so much wrong to be righted, so many burdens to be eased, so many enterprises to be set forward, that ladies and gentlemen of faculty and information should array themselves sumptuously, and go to meet each other again and again, and stay together for hours, only to look at a spectacle that is without significance and hard sounds without sense; to see unreal manners and hear commonplace speech; to exchange greetings with the dearest friends only on a crowded staircase, as the two processions up and down meet and pass, or in a 'veranda' where the liveliest feeling is a fear of damaging a fabric or being mortified by a mistake; to eat and drink what could be eaten and drunk with far more comfort and safer digestion at home; to say what one only half feels, to persons whom one does not half like, on a subject that one does not half understand; to pick a way between frivolity and falsehood or wade through a muddy mixture of both; to cover disgust with a smile, inward protest with spoken assent, or weariness with a jest; and then to go away at an unhealthy hour with nothing to remember but a bubble, a whirl, a jam, and a secret self-contempt? 'Harriet here, isn't it?' said one victim to another. 'Beastly,' was the cordial answer. 'Let's go home!' 'I wish I could, but you see I can't; I am the host!' And the good man delivers the following for a parting shot:

"It is more than a play-ground or hiding-place of heartless etiquette, where pretense and craft, mimicry and spite, skulk and dodge and cringe and make faces; where people 'present their compliments' when they really have nothing to present but suspicion and jealousy; 'very much regret' that they cannot be present where they covertly rejoice not to be; 'request the honor' or 'pleasure' of company which they hate to give, and 'renew the assurance of their consideration' for acquaintances whom nothing but self-interest or fear keeps them from insulting to their faces or slandering behind their backs. For disgraces like these society is a judgment."

Charles Hoyt and the vice of a Richard K. Fox. The world has no time and buys no tickets for patient merit. It wants to see the clown or get a sneaking glimpse of Cereus. It is too lazy to think, and it has rich rewards for the man who will amuse it without disturbing the gray matter of the cerebrum. It is too beastly to control its passions, and, strangely enough, it has rich rewards for the man who will excite that part of the brain located back of the ears. No wonder that the world is filled with quacks and mountebanks and panders. Bishop Huntington, in an article quoted elsewhere, says that society is a judgment upon itself. One is almost ready to agree with him that the world is its own penalty. The good bishop is pained by this mental agony while society goes humming along so merrily! The few who have lifted themselves above the plane of humanity look down upon the common herd and are pained to see them groveling in slush and salaciousness. Why should they be tortured thus? Everything is topsy-turvy. The world's all wrong. Confound the world!

That's not what Bye-the-Bye said, for he has long since given up the job of reforming the world; but his friend Cynic gave vent to his feelings, and his ideas are briefly set forth above. It was all apropos the failure of Belford, Clarke & Co., the Chicago publishing firm, whose liabilities were \$400,000, twice the assets. For years this firm made a specialty of publishing trashy books of wretched mechanical execution. They were sold in bookstores at fifty cents to a dollar and on the trains for two or three dollars, dependent upon the conscience of the newsboy and the gullibility of the passenger. It filled the literary soul of Cynic with a holy hate, and he fairly glowed over the downfall of the purveyors of slop, as he calls them. According to George W. Peck of Milwaukee the firm owed its temporary success to him. He explains it in this way:

"When they were struggling along, about seven years ago, sort of from hand to mouth, they bought a copyright from me of the book called 'Peck's Bad Boy' for a little over a thousand dollars. They had published one book for me on royalty, and the royalty came along in little dribbles and didn't do much good, so when they desired to publish the 'Bad Boy,' I wanted them to pay me so much down, and have it over, thought I was awfully smart, and when I got the check for the price I felt as though I owned a brewery. They thought I was pretty level-headed, too, because they never had any idea that the book would have an exceptionally large sale. Well, they put the book on the market, and it sold like beer at a picnic. Within a week orders came for a hundred thousand copies and the boys had a hot box. They had all the presses in Chicago that they could hire, at work night and day, and the demand did not let up until half a million copies were sold, and the profits of the 'Bad Boy' put Belford, Clarke & Co. on their feet, and made them happy. They must have sold a million copies of the book. During the extraordinary sale of the book I was often congratulated on my good fortune, and it was generally understood that I was making a fortune on the book, but all I could do was to squeeze my thousand dollars in my pants pocket, and grit my teeth and kick myself, because I was such an ass as to sell that copyright for the book. Belford, Clarke & Co. were sorry for me, and when I got ready for another book they kindly allowed me to retain my interest in the royalty so that I could make a fortune. The next book didn't sell worth a continental, and so I was whipsawed both ways, but it was no fault of B. C. & Co."

Lincoln won a memorable victory at the Knights of Pythias grand lodge meeting in Omaha this week. For sixteen years the windy city on the Big Muddy has been the headquarters of Pythianism for Nebraska, but the election of H. M. Bushnell as keeper of records and seal transfers the headquarters to Lincoln. Uncle John Morrison was elected representative to the supreme lodge. Lincoln also made a fight for the incorporation of the grand lodge. It laid out Omaha a second time and put John B. Wright and O. P. Dinges on the board of trustees with H. M. Bushnell for clerk.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A well known eastern instructor in the terpsichorean art announces that the favorite dances the coming winter will be "La ReVe," "The Cadet Galop," "The Imperial Gavotte," and the "Military Schottische Quadrille." Speaking more in detail about these dances, the instructor said: "They are all round dances. 'La ReVe,' or 'The Dream' as it is called in English, will be danced to schottische music, the cadet galop will be danced to galop music, the imperial gavotte to four-four time and the military schottische, which is intricate and of new and novel figures, will be danced to the schottische music."

"Are they adapted to society dancing?" "Decidedly. They will be introduced in many of the select dancing parties. They are all very handsome figures."

"Has there not been a military schottische in existence for some time?"

"Something that has been called by that name, but only about one person in fifty knows how to execute the steps correctly."

"What will be the dances of swell society this winter?"

"The German will, of course, take the precedence. It will always have its place among the society dances. Then there will be the military schottische, the glide polka, the Berlin, the diagonal waltz, the Saratoga quadrille, the prairie polka and the waltz quadrille. These will be the leading dances this winter."

"Men are fortunate creatures," said a young lady the other day. "When they get bored and tired of their own society they go to the club, and smoke and read and talk or play billiards. That is their supreme happiness; as Dr. Johnson would say, they are 'clubbable' animals. Women are not. We must sleep all the forenoon, call all the afternoon and receive callers all the evening. There's a brilliant existence, isn't it? The

worst of it, though, is, that the calls we make are not made from regard or affection, but because it is necessary to pay our social obligations. Women all hate each other. Didn't you know that? Well, they do anyhow. Now, just look at those boys in the Elks Club," naming several members, "nobody ever heard of them going to see a girl, or attending an entertainment; yet, they dress faultlessly, spend lots of money, and seem perfectly happy with each other. Why can't women do that? A society girl is a worse slave than a Brazilian diamond digger."

The flat has gone forth in London's best society that bare arms will appear as much at dressy afternoon teas, kettings, lunches and other post meridian fetes, as in the evening. The hair will be powdered, the long gloves drawn off, and then fair rounded arms will emerge from laces and draperies bare to, and above, the elbows, without bracelets, but the fingers glittering with costly rings.

People who worry about small things will have one less cause for conjecture, now that the mighty question of the shirt stud is settled. The potential brain of the Prince of Wales has achieved this result. It will undoubtedly have its effect throughout the world, for the hair apparent is the indubitable leader in matters of this sort. The Prince of Wales has decided upon three shirt studs, instead of one or two; and his son and ultimate successor, Prince Albert Victor, has followed suit. This important information comes from London, through the official channel of the Tailors' Association, and is expected to be final. The reason is an eminently sensible one. It is based on the fact that a shirt fits better with three studs than it can with one or two.

Apropos blonded hair, etc., I heard a right sensible speech from one of our young men the other day. We were standing on a street corner, and a girl passed. She was pretty, but she had daubed her face all up with cosmetics and bloom of youth, till she looked like an artificial "She." "I suppose it is true," said the young man, "that every woman in the world loves admiration, and seeks it, but some of them can't seem to realize that when they make this evident they lose the thing they seek." There's a great deal in that. In every state of society, and in every class of men, there's a deep rooted reverence for women, that lies at the base of all their admiration and love for them, and whenever a woman destroys this she destroys the soul of any worthy affection. Women should preserve the mystery that surrounds them, and live in clouds of veiling emotions. There is a kind of sanctity in secrecy which all good women know. Don't let your lover know the thoughts that are most truly yours; give him mere hints sometimes and he will imagine a world beyond. Give him glimpses of sweetness only, and he will think you are taking a chip from the mountain of marble. Or dipping a drop from the sea.

So also with your beauty; whenever the elements of beauty are visible they are vulgar. Of course hair brushes and sozodent, toilet waters, etc., play a very important role in the life of every daughter of Venus; but there is no necessity of carrying a comb in your hand, or exposing the secret of your bloom to the world.

PEN, PAPER AND INK.

In *Drake's Magazine* for October "Mark Twain at Home," by Frances M. Smith, will interest every reader of the great humorist. "He was out of Town" is a bright sketch by Fales-Curtis. John De Morgan's little article about "The Divining Rod" is curious. "St. Leger Grenfell" recounts the exploits of an English free lance in the war of the rebellion. "Dick Waggins's Wives" is a capital western story. The gem of the book, however, is C. F. Lummis's story, "The Superior Race," a delightfully humorous picture of New Mexican life.

In the *Overland Monthly* for October the opening article, an account of the attack on the white settlements at the Cascades in Oregon, by the Yakima Indians, in 1896, is based upon the reports of the survivors of the fight. The engagement derives an added interest from the fact that it was here that Phil Sheridan gained his first experience in actual fighting. The articles are illustrated by reproductions of photographs of the scene of the struggles, and of sketches made shortly after the engagement.

Table Talk for October is at hand. It is a particularly bright and suggestive little magazine, full of hints for housewives.

TO "COURIER" SUBSCRIBERS.

Of late several complaints have reached this office regarding irregular service in the delivery of the COURIER. It is our special aim to see that all papers are properly and promptly delivered, and our readers who occasionally fail to receive their paper will oblige us greatly if they will report the matter either in person or by postal to the office. You may not be getting your paper once in four weeks, but unless the fact is made known to us we have no way to remedy it. Address all communications intended for the business department direct to—

THE WESSEL PRINTING CO.

A hale old man, Mr. Jas. Wilson of Allens Springs, Ill., who is over sixty years of age, says: "I have in my time tried a great many medicines, some of excellent quality; but never before did I find any that would so completely do all that is claimed for it as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is truly a wonderful medicine." For sale by A. L. Shadler, druggist.

Bargains in Fine Stoves. At this season of the year nearly everybody is interested in what is the best stove and where is the best place to buy it. In another column in this issue will be found an advertisement of the Hart Hardware Co., wholesale of stoves. They have a few of the celebrated Sterling base burner stoves left which they will sell, retail, at wholesale prices. Here's a chance to get a stove without paying a retailer's profit.

AMUSEMENTS.

Everybody and his girl were out to see Keene in "Richeieu" and "standing room only" was literally true. It was a fashionable audience, too, such an audience as Lincoln will turn out only for an attraction of exceptional merit. Many of the ladies were in evening costume, quite a number of them bonneted. Conspicuous among them was a row of girls in the front seats of the dress circle, and their bright faces and pretty toilets made a picture that attracted much attention. No man is so great but that he may have his peer. In judging tragedians we look to Booth as the standard, but he must pass away soon in the nature of things, and another, perhaps Barrett, will take his place. Among the candidates for the place of Barrett, that of second only to the master, none offers more of promise than Keene. He must have a hypercritical sense who will seriously question the excellence of Keene's "Richeieu." "Keene must be at least sixty years old," said a gentleman as he was leaving the opera house. That was the sincerest of flattery. Keene merged himself so completely in his character that for many unfamiliar with theatricals the illusion was complete. It would be difficult to conceive of a finer portrayal of the tottering weakness of an old, old man. It has been argued that Keene is too robust in his rallies from the weakness of senility, but that is a debatable question. He is portraying an intense nature, and the contrasts in its wealth and its impetuosity are correspondingly marked. Keene's interpretation heightens the dramatic effect without noticeably marring its artistic harmony. George Leacock, his leading man, has a fine stage presence and gave a support worthy the star. Miss Lavinia Shannon, the leading lady, is attractive in face and figure, but is not equal to the demands of the role she assumes. She has an excellent conception of the part, and probably fills it to the test of her ability, but she hasn't the voice for it and her delivery is declamatory. She is incapable of rising to the heroic. There is no illusion about her acting. It is always acting. The rest of the support was indifferent or poor, some of it wretched.

COGHLAN AND "JOCELYN."

Nature was in a generous mood when she cast Rose Coghlan. She was given a voluptuousness that wins men and a force that awes women; but the impression left by her "Jocelyn" is not one of unmitigated satisfaction. She has a powerful physique, with a vocal organism to match, and she seems unable to repress them. The play opens with a passage between herself and her lover, and there is an opportunity for womanly tenderness that would somewhat relieve the all-too-prevalent pall spread over the play, but Miss Coghlan's tenderness is tearful and tragic. Instead of repressing her emotionalism she pitches upon a high key, and when she comes to her intense parts there is a harsh, falsetto ring. Scarcely has its dramatic use, but a continuous wail is both painful and monotonous. Miss Coghlan is strong and intense. The play affords abundant opportunities for the display of these powers, and she gives them unrestrained swing. She shows but little of the subtle play of conflicting emotions. All is passionate tenacity. "Jocelyn" is a peculiarly constructed drama. The villain figures so prominently as to almost cast the star into the shade and leave the impression that the play was written to make his role the star part. John T. Sullivan as "Prince Savani" presented an artistic creation so finished and well rounded as to leave nothing to be desired. His villainy is deepyed enough to suit the admirer of the traditional bad man, but he also showed lighter moods in which raillery and laughing mockery relieved heavy wickedness. In short, Miss Coghlan's support, with possibly a single exception, was unusually strong throughout. Even the soldiers were actors who acted. It made a grateful contrast with the support of Keene the night before. "Jocelyn" is a tale of woe, unrelieved by any humor. It has many strong situations but in its changed form a weak denouement. It was greeted by a large audience, who were generous in their recalls.

"LOST IN NEW YORK."

The attraction at Funke's opera house next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday will be "Lost in New York," a spectacular melodrama. It has been difficult to induce a number of managers of the big spectacular play to come to Lincoln for the reason that they will only play three-night or week stands. For the purpose of demonstrating that Lincoln will stand three nights of the same play and in order to induce other companies of like character to come to Lincoln, Manager McReynolds will give, as an incentive to a good patronage, to every person buying a reserved seat a chance in a drawing for his black horse, valued at \$150. Those buying a fifty cent ticket in the gallery will receive one chance, and those buying a dollar ticket down stairs will get two chances. The drawing will be made at Wednesday night's performance by a committee of persons selected by the audience. If the number drawing the horse is not responded to within five minutes by some one in the house the drawing will be repeated and continued until some member of the audience shows up the lucky number. In this way the audience will have the excitement of the drawing and have the satisfaction of knowing before they leave the house who gets the horse. The Boston Herald says "Lost in New York" is a very strong piece and some of the situations are emotional enough to bring tears to the eyes of the auditors. One of its features is a big tank holding 80,000 gallons of water in which a variety of feats are performed. Another is a steamboat scene.

COMING.

"Three Wives to One Husband," a farce comedy, is booked at Funke's for Saturday evening. Milt Barlow, the noted minstrel is in the cast.

EDEN MUSEE.

The week has been a fine one at the Musee, and hundreds have gone the rounds of theater No. 2, the curio hall and theater No. 1. Manager Lawler once more made Friday a red letter day for the ladies by presenting each of them with a pretty souvenir. He has also made another departure by opening the Musee on Saturdays at ten in the morning for

the benefit of the children, who are now admitted to all departments on that day for the small sum of a nickel. Among the attractions announced for next week are the following: The Madagascars, Joe and Charley, representatives of Barnum's celebrated congress of nations; Senor Giovanna and his trained cockatoos; Prof. Lamb, the ventriloquist, and his Punch and Judy show; Harry Bartlett, the original elastic swell; Signor Fernandez, a musical artist, from Rio Janeiro, Brazil; "The Voyage of an Egg," exposing the tricks of the fraudulent mediums; Peres, the wizard, etc. A dime admits to all; chairs five and ten cents.

TALK OF THE STAGE.

The Bostonians' season will begin October 14. The leading artists of the company are: Soprano, Marie Stone, Juliette Cordon, Carlotta Maconia; contraltos, Jessie Bartlett-Davis, Josephine Bartlett; tenors, Tom Karl, Edwin W. Hoff; baritones and basses, W. H. MacDonald, H. C. Barnabee, Fred Dixon, Eugene Cowles, Geo. R. Frothingham, Sam'l Studley, director. The managers have in the "Don Quixote" of Reginald de Koven an opera written especially for the company by an American musician, with a book furnished by an American journalist. This opera is to have a simultaneous production in England and the United States, and is the first American operatic composition that has achieved this distinction. "Suzette," a new opera by that clever musician and librettist, Oscar Walz, is also to be included in the season's repertory.

Silas K. Wolcott is a resident of Grass Valley, Cal., who visits London for the purpose of selling a gold mine, and there, after permitting the kindness of his heart to strip him of every dollar he possesses in the world, comes out in flying colors at last, with a handsome wife and the ample consciousness of a good deed amply rewarded. This is an exceedingly brief statement of Nat Goodwin's new play "A Gold Mine," in which he hopes and expects to advance himself into the ranks of legitimate comedians. It has been an open secret for some time that the triumph of the burlesque and farce-comedy stage had pulled upon this "fellow of infinite jest," but the announcement that he would positively desert his old ways has been received with ill-concealed credulity.

Rehearsals for the Salvini engagements are daily going on at Palmer's Theater, New York, under the direction of Alexander Salvini, for the appearance of the great tragedian. The repertory will be confined to three plays, "The Gladiator," "Othello" and "Samson," the latter never having before been produced in New York with an English company. The translation from the Italian was made by Howells.

Blind Boone, the musical prodigy, appeared to a large and critical audience at St. Paul's M. E. church Monday evening, giving the same program he had on previous visits rendered in Lincoln. This fact did not afford the entertainment less interesting, however, for Boone's performance is always enjoyable. Stella, the vocalist, was heard in a few songs only, and appeared to a better advantage on her former visits.

J. C. Duff is organizing a comic opera company for the road, to play a repertory including "Dorothy," "The Queen's Mate" and "Palola." He has engaged Digby Bell, Laura Joyce Bell. They are to start in about three weeks, and will go as far as San Francisco.

Fanny Davenport has begun her second season in "La Tosca" in San Francisco. "La Tosca" yielded Davenport nearly one hundred thousand dollars profit last season, and naturally enough "La Tosca" only will be this season's bill.

Manager Pitou has started the artists at work on the new scenery and costumes for "The Corsican Brothers," in which Robert Mantell will be seen in New York at the Fourteenth Street theater.

M. P. Leavitt's company in the "Spider and Fly" opened its season Sept. 30 in Trenton, N. J. The new play will be given its first New York production Oct. 14.

Louis James, the tragedian, has just played his annual engagement in New York, appearing in "Hamlet," "Othello," "Virginia" and "Richard III" to large audiences.

Clara Morris has begun her season in New York at the Grand in "Camille," "Miss Merton" and "Allixie."

The Jefferson-Florence combination begin their season Oct. 14 in New York at the Star. Adelaide Moore began her tour in "The Love Story" October 7 in Buffalo.

The Hanlons' two "Fantasma" companies, A and B, are now on the road.

Lincoln's Furniture Supply.

In a conversation the other day a Beatrice gentleman made this remark: "While visiting the Phenix furniture company at Grand Rapids, Mich., I was told that, since Sheldon & Smith went into business in Lincoln, the company has sold more and better goods in the Capital City than ever before."

have a fine line of goods, but study the drift of eastern fashions and are ready with suggestions for artistic effects. For example, it is now the proper thing to provide a room with old pieces of furniture. This enables people of moderate means to buy piecemeal as they are able. Sheldon & Smith have made up some very effective combinations in this way. So, in like manner, they have other ideas and suggestions for the benefit of customers.

Among the noticeable pieces of furniture in stock is the Welch folding bed, the finest in the market, combining more convenience than any other make. It has a wardrobe, dressing case, wash stand, mirror, writing desk, book case and bric-a-brac shelves. It can be moved without removing an article, and is easily moved about on the floor without danger of straining or breaking.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. L. W. Pomeroy is visiting at McPherson, Kansas.

Mrs. W. R. Dennis is home from her summer vacation.

E. T. Moore, cashier for the Elkhorn, is visiting at Warsaw, Ky.

Miss Hattie Bond of Peoria is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mahoney.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Allen went to St. Louis to see the Vellid Prophets.

W. H. Baird has been entertaining his parents from Zionville, Ind.

Mrs. C. B. Lippincott and sons are visiting at her old Cincinnati home.

Mrs. A. Hogeland is entertaining Mrs. C. E. Wells of Lafayette, Ind.

Miss Nellie Stateman of Iowa City is visiting Miss Laura Haggard at 1320 G street.

A new girl of more than average attractions has come to grace the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sprague of Leavenworth, Kas., are visiting in the city, the guests of J. H. Maurits, 1025 K street.

C. W. Wheeler of Medina, N. Y., a friend of Horace Orr, is visiting in the city, a guest of the Orr family, 1026 G street.

Mrs. A. W. Baird and daughter, Miss Loma of Glen, Ill., arrived in the city Wednesday and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Baird on O street.

Dan Loeb, the artistic genius with Semmons the Outfitter, has made an engagement to go on the road for a Chicago house after this month. Dan has won an admiring constituency, who will regret his departure.

Low Barr, the jeweler, and family leave tomorrow for St. Louis, Chicago and New York to be gone four weeks. While in the metropolitan trade centers Mr. Barr will purchase a new stock of jewelry, and on his return will prepare to reopen in a prominent location on O street.

A special from Washington yesterday says: "Charles E. Waite of Lincoln, called upon the comptroller of the currency today. He is a candidate for the national bank examiner'ship of Nebraska. He goes from here to New York, but will return in a few days to look after his interests in the direction of an appointment."

M. A. Newmark, one of the two "Globe Clothiers" after an absence of several weeks, will return the early part of next week. Mr. Hersher, "the other fellow" of the firm, assures the COURIER that during his absence Mr. Newmark has been diligently at work securing all the latest and noblest garments and furnishings for gentlemen, and that already nearly the entire stock has arrived.

An Event for the Ladies. Miss Alice Platts, formerly with the noted millinery house of Stern Bros. of New York, but now of Omaha, with headquarters in the store of Heyman & Deiches, will be in Lincoln again next week with a large and elegant assortment of millinery. The line will include Parisian bonnets and round hats and garlands of flowers for dresses and decorations. They will be on exhibition at the Windsor hotel next Monday and Tuesday. No cards will be issued, but all the ladies of Lincoln are invited to call and inspect the goods. Miss Platts will exhibit the latest and most approved styles from Paris, and those ladies who saw her bewildering array several months ago will no doubt improve this second opportunity. They will not often have the chance to see such a fine assortment from a dealer importing direct from Paris, at the lowest prices.

A Progressive, Growing House. Among the recent improvements on Eleventh street is a new front in the store of E. Hallett, the jeweler, which now outshines all its neighbors. The door has been set back and new large plate glass windows have been put in. The iron and wood work have been painted black and trimmed in gold, the whole making a decidedly effective improvement. Progress is the motto of this house, and every week shows some notable change or addition. Mr. Hallett has just added to his stock of ladies' gold watches, and he now has the largest line in the city. He has also increased his stock of diamonds, and it must be a hypercritical person who cannot make a selection from his fine assortment. In short, Hallett is the man to see before you buy anything in the line of jewelry.

Change is one of the irresistible laws of nature, and fortunately the change is almost invariably for the better. As an instance of this, St. Patrick's Pills are fast taking the place of the old harsh and violent cathartics, because they are milder and produce a pleasanter effect, besides they are much more beneficial in removing morbid matter from the system and preventing ague and other malarious diseases. As a cathartic and liver pill they are most perfect. For sale by A. L. Shadler, druggist.

Hardy & Fitcher have received a large line of very fine down sofa pillows, which are being offered at reasonable prices.

Ladies, come and see us at the 10-cent store.

Canon City, Mendota, Ohio Block and Colorado Coal, at Betts & Weaver's, telephone 440.

See the dogon Domestic Sewing machine advertisement on page five.